

*Personal Log
General Ranthe Benzayn
Commander, Ascendant Legion*

Who ever thought a career soldier would tire of battle? Once again, we have been deployed to fight another engagement. The difference this time is that we fight alongside the forces of the One Sith. It seems wrong to join forces with our erstwhile enemies, but what choice does a soldier have. I have been assigned to support Synin Torin to support his attempt to capture the ancient Sith Academy on the planet Korriban. The absent minded Bpfasshi seems more concerned with the acquisition of baubles than he does with strategic goals...

"General," Benzayn's aid spoke up from beside him, pulling the Devaronian's attention from the datapad where he was inputting his log.

"What is it, major?" Benzayn inquired, deactivating his datapad and setting it aside.

"Our troops have secured Dreshdae and are moving on the academy now, sir." the aide reported.

"Excellent!" Torin's voice called from behind the general, his tone one of mad pleasure. "We are sure to reach our goals now!"

"Yes, my lord," Benzayn replied, his grimace seemingly unnoticed by his new commander.

Benzayn had been chafing under the man's command ever since he had arrived. This engineer and his ever present droids were unskilled in the art of war, managing his army as nothing more than a blunt instrument. It had been all that the Devaronian could do just to ensure that his soldiers had not been thrown into foolish engagements.

Managing this fool is more work than the campaign, Benzayn thought to himself.

As he turned to view the tactical plot holo, his eyes met the photoreceptors of Torin's YVH-1. If the droid's face hadn't been physically incapable of showing emotion, Benzayn would have sworn that the droid was frowning at him. He shook off the feeling as he directed his full attention to the battle at hand. The mechanized units were making good progress, moving across the valley towards the academy. The infantry on the right flank, however, was bogging down in the face of more intense resistance.

"Deploy a company of AT-XT's to support the right flank," Benzayn ordered.

As his orders were relayed, the General watched the holo as the walkers moved to engage the enemy. The armored assault vehicles caught the enemy off guard, and their line began to

buckle. Within a few minutes, they were retreating from their positions. Benzayn almost caught himself smiling, but then his eyes found Torin's grinning face across the battle holo.

Just as Benzayn's good humor left him once again, his private holocomm beeped. Pulling it from his belt, Benzayn activated it. The code displayed above his hand showed it to be an encrypted communication using the Wrath's privacy code. It was for his eyes only.

Benzayn excused himself from the command tent, stepping outside into the slight breeze that blew. Clicking the control to receive, the Proconsul's insectoid form was reproduced in hologram.

"General Benzayn. The Dread Lord has just made an attempt on my life for questioning the wisdom of his alliance with the One Sith," Kz'set stated matter of factly.

"My lord?" Benzayn was taken aback at the news. It seemed the civil strife that had split the Brotherhood was now even dividing the Ascendant Clan itself.

"It is now time for uszzz to cease sitting idly by and allowing the Clan to proceed down this path. The One Sith cannot be trusted, I know better than most. And," Kz'set added conspiratorially, "I think you know thiszz as well."

Benzayn clenched his jaw, thinking for a moment before he answered. "I do, my lord. This entire campaign to support them is a fools errand."

"As I suspected, General," Kz'set went on. "As such, I am declaring Kavon unfit to lead. You will report only to me until the situation iszzz settled."

Benzayn nodded.

"Your first order, then, iszzz to dispose of your current commander," Kz'set instructed. "Can you accomplish thiszzz, or do you need assistance?"

"No, my lord. I can take care of Torin myself," Benzayn answered.

"Good, General. Once that is completed, I will have further orderszzz for you." Kz'set finished, deactivating the communication from his end.

Looking around the headquarters camp, Benzayn's eyes found what he had been searching for. The command unit of the SD-10 squad that was assigned to provide protection for the HQ. Issuing his orders, Benzayne stood aside as the command unit and its five droid unit advanced on the command tent. Using their scanners, the droids located their targets through the thin material of the tent walls with ease. There could possibly be collateral damage, even Major Durmond. But this was war, and with war came sacrifices.

All six droids fired at once with both plasma cannons and blasters, their shoots ripping through the tent. Their automated processes did not allow the One Sith elder the chance to sense intent, leaving him only with a heartbeat to detect the danger. The three enemy droids went down in short order, flashing from solid to molten metal under the onslaught. Torin lasted only a few seconds more as the droid's combined attacks quickly overwhelmed his hastily erected Force barrier. Blasts of Force lightning flashed outward randomly as the Sith attempted to strike back at his attackers, but none found their mark before the converging weapons fire burned him down.

As the echo of weapon's fire died away, General Ranthe Benzayn strode towards the burning remains of his command tent with a renewed sense of purpose evident in his stride.

KE Selika Roh (Krath) / House Ajunta Pall of Clan Plagueis [SA: XII] [GMRG: XI] [ACC: Q]